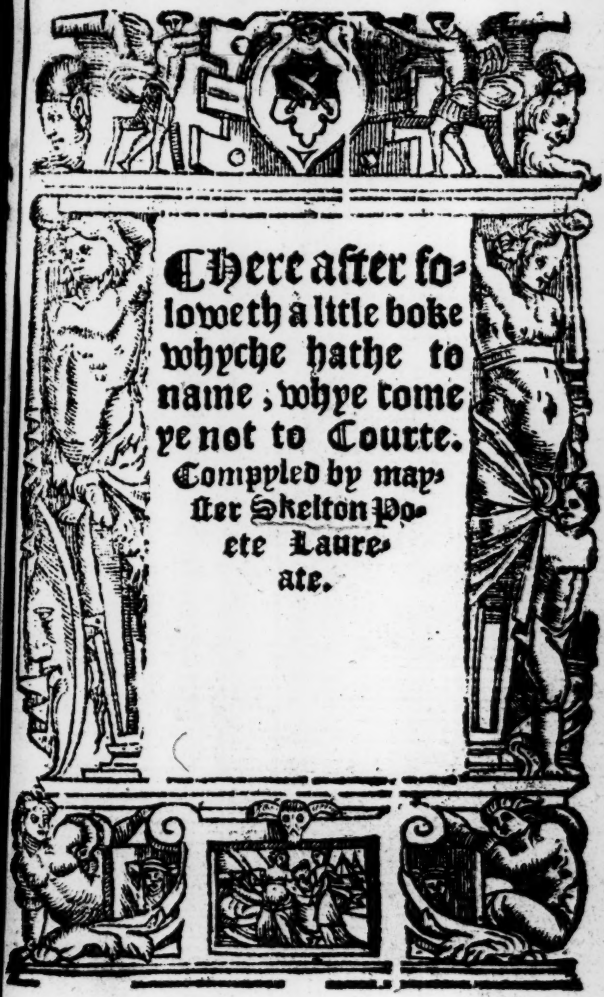

Here after followeth a litle boke whyche hathe to name, whye tome ye not to Courte.

Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.

MUSEUM

All noble mē of this take heds and beleue it as your Crede.

TO hastye of sentence
To scarce for none offence
To scarce of your expence
To large in neglygence
To slacke in recompence
To haut in excellence
To lyght intellygence
And to lyght in credence
Where these kepe residence
Reason is banyshed thence
And also dame prudence
Wyth sober patyence
All noble men. &c.
Than wythout collusyon
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusion
And by such illusyon
Unto great confusyon
A noble man may fall
And hys honoure appall
And if ye thynke thys shall
Not rubbe you on the gall
Than the deuyl take all. &c.
Hec vates ille, de quo loquūtur in ille

Cwhy come ye not to court?

For age is a page
For the court full vnmeete
For age cannot rage
Nor basse her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Do the aswage and refrayne
Than wyll age haue a corage
To come to court agayne

But

Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decayes
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a terage
Doth renne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche may
And wyth such forage
Hunte the bolkage

That

that hartes wyl runne awaye
Bothe Hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Farewell, than haue good day

¶ Than haue good day a dew
For defaute of rescew
Some men may happely rew
And theyr heades mew
The time dothe faste ensew
That bales begin to brew
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale wyl be to trew
In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew. &c.
Dicken, thou crew doutles
For truelye to expresse
There hath be much exces
With banketyng braynlesse
With ryoting rechles
With gambaudyng thryftles
With spend, and waste witles

Treating of truce restlesse
Prating for peace peaslesse
They countring at Cales
Wrange vs on the wales
Chefe Councelour was careles
Groping grouching graceles
And to none entent
Our talwod is al brent
Our fagottes are al spent
We may blow at the cole
Our mase hath cast her sole
And mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do thertoo
An end of an old song
Do right and no wrong
As right as a rammes horne
For thilke is threde bare worne
Our sheepe are shrewdlye shorne
And trouthe is al to torne
Wisdome is laught to scorne
Fauel is false for worne
Fauel is nobly borne
Hauel and Haruy hafter

Jacke

Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
We shal heare more hereafter
With pollyng and shauynge
With borowyng and crauyng
With reuing and rauing
with swearing and staring
There bayleth no reasonyng
For wyl doth rule al thing
wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
He ruleth alway styl
Good reason and good skyl
They may garlicke pyl
Cary sackes to the mil
Or pescoddes they may shil
Or els go roste a stone
There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dothe is right
As right as a Cammocke crooked
Thys bil wel ouer looked
Clerely perceiue we may
There went the hare away

The

the hare, the Fox the Gray
the hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.

God sende vs better lucke. &c

Twit Andrew, twit Scot
Ge heme, ge scour thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the Pope of Rome
to weaue all in one lome
A webbe of Arse wulce
Opus male dulce
the deuill kisse his cule
For whiles he doth rule
All is warse and warse
the deuyl kysse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be much worse
From Baumberow to bothābas
we haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
wyth guyleuel suse

Our

Our mony madly lent
And moze madly ſpent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went?
From winchelſy to Rye
And all not woꝛthe a flye
From wentbꝛidge to Hull
Our army waxeth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a ſcot ſlayne
yet the good Erle of Surray
the freneh men he doth fray
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he maye
the frenche men he hath fainted
And made their herts attainted
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his ſuccoure
the french men he hath ſo mated
And their courage abated
that they are but halfe men
Like foxes in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all

Lyke

Like heons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes
Lyke hen herted cokoldes

¶ But yet they ouer shoote vs
With crownes and with scutus
with Scutes & crownes of gold
Idrede we are bought and solde
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
It the Cardinals hat
They shote all at that
Out of their stronge townes
Thei shote at him with crownes
With crownes of gold enblased
They make him so a mased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know God nor man
He is set so hye
In his Jerarchy
Of frantike frenesy
And folysh fantasy

That

That in the chaunbre of ſters
Al matters there he mars
Clapping his rod on the borde
No man dare ſpeake a word
For he hath all the ſaying
Without any renaying
He rolleth in his recordes
He ſayth, how ſay ye my lordes?
Is not my reaſon good
Good euin good Robin hood
Some ſay yes. And ſome
Sit ſtyll as they were dome
Thus thwarting ouer thome
He ruleth al the roſte
With bragging and with boſte
Borne vp on euery ſide
With pompe and with pryde
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath ſo his hart in hold
He loueth nothyng but gold
And Aſmodeus of hel
Maketh his membres ſwel

With

With Dalyda to melt
That wanton damsell

A dew Philosophia
A dew theologia
Welcome dame Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
to drynke and for to eate
Sweet Ipocras & swete meate
to kepe his flesshe chaste
In lente for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed
Fesaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, chickins and pigges
He foynes and he frigges
Spareth neither mayd ne wyfe
this is a postels life

Helas my hart is sory
to tel of vayne glory
But now vpon this story
I wyl no further time
tyl another time

¶ Tyl another time.

what

What newes what newes
Small newes the true is
That be worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande howe that
The sygne of the Cardynall hat
That Inne is now shit vp
With gup whore gup, nowe gup
Gup Gilliam Trauillian
With iast you I say Julian
Wyl ye beare no coles
A mainy of marefoles
That occupy their holes
Full of pocky moles.
What heare ye of Lancashire
They were not payd their hyre
They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Thes shyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Their wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottis she hoste

For

For all theft crake and bolte
Wilde fire and thunder
For all this worldly wonder
A hundred myle a sunder
They were whan they wer next
That is a true text
What heare ye of the scottes
They make vs all sottes
Poppyng folyshe dawes
They make vs to pyll strawes
They play theyr old prankes
After huntly bankes
At the strome of Banokes burne
They did vs a shrewde turne
Whan Edward of Karnaruan
Lost all that his father wan

What here ye of the lord bakers
He maketh vs Jacke rakers
He sayes we are but crakers
He calleth vs England men
Stronge harted lyke an hen
For the scottes and he

to

To wel they do agree
with do thou for mee
And I shal do for thee
whiles the red hat doth endure
he maketh him self cocke sure
The red hat with his lure
Syngeth al thinges vnder cure
But as the world now goose
what heare ye of the Lord Rose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly fose
Their hertes be in their hose
The Erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wold
Runne away and creep
Like a mayny of sheep
Dare not loke out a dur
For drede of the maystife cur
For drede of the bouchers dog
wold wirry them like an hog
For and this curre do gnar

They muſt ſtande all a far
To holde vp their hand at ꝑ bar
For all their noble bloude
He pluckes them by the hood
And ſhakes them by the eare
And bryng them in ſuch feare
He bayteth them lyke a beare
Lyke an oxe or a bul
Their wittes he ſayth are dul
He ſayth they haue no brayne
Their eſtate to maintaine
And make to bowe their knee
Before his maieſtee.

¶ Iudges of the kinges lawes
He countes them foles & dawes
Sergeauntes of the coyfe eke
He ſayeth they are to ſeke
In pleating of their caſe
At the commune place
Or at the kinges benche
He wringeth the ſuch a wrenche
That al our learned men

Dare

Dare not set theyr penne
To plete a true tryall
Within westminster hall
In the chaũcery where he sittes
But suche as he admittes
None so hardy to speake
He sayth, thou huddy peake
Thy learning is to lewd
Thy tounge is not well thewde
To seeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues.
And calles them cãkerd knaues
Thus royally he doth deale
Under the kinges brode seale
And in the checker he thẽ checks
In ỳ ster chãbre he nods & becks
And beareth him there so stout
That no man dare rout
Duke, Earle, Baron, nor Lord
But to his sentence must accord
Whether he be knight or squyer
All men must folow his desyre

What say ye of the scottish king
That is another thing
He is but an yongling
A tall worthy stripling
her is a whispring & a whipling
He should be hither brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all will be nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Nor worth a foure calstocke

There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany
That of should go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland oures
the mountenaunce of two houres
But as some men sayn
I drede of some false trayn
Subtelly wrought shalbe
Under a fained treate
But within monethes three
Men may happely see

The

The trechery, and the pyrates
Of the Scottish bankes
What heare ye of Burgonios
And the Spanyardes Onions?
They haue slain our Englishmē
Aboue three score and ten
For all your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my Lord Admirel
What heare ye of Muttrel?
There wyth I dare not mel
Yet what heare ye tell
Of our graund counsel?
I could say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thyne head of gose
Of by the hard arse
But there is some trauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our sire to glum
It is some what wrong

That his berde is so long
He mourneth in blacke clothing
I pray god saue the king
Where euer he go or ride
I pray God be his gide
Thus wil I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a whyle

And so to rest a while. &c.

ONce yet agayne
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to courte
To which court?
To the kinges court
Or to hampton court?
Nay to the kinges court
The kinges court
Should haue the excellence
But hampton court
Hath the preeminence
And yorkes place
With my Lordes grace
To whose magnificence

Is

Is all the confluence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nacyons
Straw for law ran on
Or for the law common
Or for lawe ciuill
It shall be as he wyll
Stop at law tancrete
An obstract or a concrete
Be it soure be it sweete
His wisdome is so discrete
That in a sume or an hete
Warden of the flete
Set him fast by the fete
And of his royal poure
Whan him list to loure
Than haue him to the toure
Saunz aulter remedy
Haue him forth by and by
To the marshalsy
Or to the kinges benche
he diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royall

That

That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And fuche fleightes dothe fynde
That the kinges mynde
By him is fubuerted
And fo ftreatly coarted
In credenfing his tales
That all is but nutfhales
That any other fayth
He hath in hym fuch faith

Now, yet al this myght be
Suffred and taken in gree
If that, that he wrought
To any good end wer brought
But all he bryngeth to nought
By God that me deare bought
He beareth the king on hand
That he muft pyl his land
To make his cofers rych
But he layeth al in the dyche
And vfeth fuch abufion
That in the conclufion

All commeth to confusyon
Perceiue the cause whye
to tell the trouth plainlye
he is so ambicious
So shameles, and so vicious
And so supersticious
And so much obliuious
From whens that he came
that he falleth into Acisiam
Which truely to expresse
Is a forgetfulnes
Or wylful blindnes
Wherwith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sightes
The gommorians also
were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recordes
A cecitate cord is
In the latyn synge we
Libera nos domine
But this mad Amalecke
Like to Amamelek
he regardeth Lordes

No more than pot shordes
he is in suche elacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our soueraine Lorde
That God to recorde
he ruleth al at wyl
Without reason or skyl
howbeit they be prymordyal
Of hys wretched origynall
And his base progeny
Ane his grefy genealogy
he came of the sanke coial (stal
that was cast oute of a bouchers

¶ But howe euer he was borne
Men would haue the lesse scorn
If he could consyder
his byrth and crowne together
And call to his mynde
how noble and how kinde
To hym he hath founde
Our souerayne lord, chief graūd

of

Of all thys prelacy
And set hym nobly
In great aucthorite
Out from a low degre
Which he can not see
For he was parde
No doctor of deuinitie
Nor doctor of the law
Nor of none other saw
But a pore maister of arte
God wot had little part
Of the Quatriuials
Nor yet of triuials
Nor of philosophye
Nor of philology
Nor of good policy
Nor of Astronomy
Nor acquainted worth a fly
With honourable haly
Nor with royall Ptholomy
Nor with Albumasar
To tre ate of any star
Fyrt or els mobil

His latin tounge dothe hobbyl
He doth but clout and cobbel
In tullis facultie
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amend
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is amonge blynd men.

¶ Than our proces for to stable
this man was ful vnable
to reche to such degree
had not our Prince be
Royall henry the eyght
take him in such conceyte
that he set him on heyght
In exemplyfieng
Great Alexander the king
In writing as we finde
Which of his royal minde
And of his noble pleasure

tran

Transcendyng out of measure
Thought to be a thyng
That pertayneth to a kyng
to make vp one of nought
And made to him be brought
A wretched poze man
Which his liuing wan
With planting of Leekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this poze vassal
He made a kyng royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
that occupyed a showel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng, as I haue told
And ruled as he wold
Such is a kynges power
to make within an howre
And worke such a miracle
that shalbe a spectacle
Of renowme and worldly fame
In likewise now the same

Cardinal

Cardinall, is promoted
yet with lewd condicions noted
As hereafter bene noted
Presumpcion and vain glorye
Enuy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthfull to do good
Now frantike, now starke wode
Should this man of such mode
Rule the swerde of myght
how can he do right
For he wyll as soone smight
his freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe a go

Set vp a wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wyl play checke mate
With royall maiestee
Count him self as good as he
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Bellyall

As

As ferce and as cruell
As the feende of hel
His seruauntes menyal
He dothe reuile and brall
Lyke Mahound in a play
No man dare him with say
He hath dispight and scorne
At them that be wel borne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsons, ye vassayles
ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
ye ribauds, not worth two plūms
ye rainbeaten beggers reiagged
ye recrayed ruffins all ragged
With stoupe thou hauel
Renne thou iauel
Thou peuish pie pecked
Thou losel long necked
Thus daily they be decked
taunted and checked
That thei are so wo
they wot not whether to go.
No mā dare come to the speche

Of

Of this gentel Jacke bycche
Of what estate he be
Of spirituall dignitye
Nor duke of hye degree
Nor Marquis. Earle, nor Lord
Which shewly doth accord
Thus he borne so base
All noble men should out face
His countinaunce lyke a kayser
My Lord is not at layser
Syr ye must tary a stound
Tyl better layser be found
And syr ye must dance attendance
And take pacient sufferaunce
For my Lordes grace
Hath now no time nor space
To speake with you, as yet
And thus they shal syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stand, walke, or ryde
And his laiser abide
Yarchaunce half a yere
And yet neuer the nere

This

This daungerous dowlpere
Like a kinges pere
And within this .xvi. yere
He wold haue ben right fayn
To haue ben a chaplayn
And haue taken right great pain
With a poze knight
What so euer he hight
The chefe of his own counsel
They can not wel tell
Whan they with him shuld mel
He is so fierce and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddypates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Napes
Such a mad Bedlem
For to rule this realm
It is a wonderous case
That the kinges grace
Is toward him so minded
And so farre blinded
That he can not perceiue

how

How he doth him disceyue
I dought least by Sozlery
Oz such other lozelry
As witch craft, oz charming
Foz he is the kinges derling
And his sweete hart rote
A is gouerned by this mad koote
Foz what is a man the better
Foz the kynges letter
Foz he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat much I wonder
How such a hoddy poule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kinges owne hand
And settes not by it a mite
He sayth the kyng doth wryte
And wryteth he wot not what
And yet foz all that
The king his clemency
Despenseth with his demenly

But what his grace doth thinke

I

I haue no pen nor ynke
That therwith can mel
But wel I can tel
How Fraunces Petrarke
That much noble clerke
Writeth how charlemaine
Could not him self refrayne
But was rauisht with a rage
Of a like dotage
But howe that came aboute
Rede ye the story out
And ye shal finde surely
It was by nicromansy
By carectes and coniuracion
Under a certayne constellacyon
And a certayne fumigacyon
Under a stone on a gold ryng
Wrought to Charlemain ẏ king
Which constrayned him forcebly
For to loue a certaine body
Aboue all other inordinatlye
This is no fable nor no lie
At Acon it was brought to pas

As by myne auctor tried it was
but let my masters mathematical
Tel you the rest, for me they shal
They haue the ful intelligence
And dare dyse the experiens
In there obsolute conscience
To practique such abolete sciens
For I abhor to smatter
Of one so deuillyshe a matter
But I wil make further relacio
Of this Ilagogical collation
How matter Gagume the crowe
Of the feates of war (nicles
That were done in Fraunce,
Maketh remembraunce
Howbyng Lewes of Late
Made vp a great estate
Of a poore wretched man
Wherof much care began
Johānes Balua was his name
Myne auctor wryteth the same
Promoted was he
To a Cardinals dignitie

By

By Lewes the kynge aforesayd
With him so wel apayd
That he made hi hys chaunceler
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him liste
Tyl he cheeked at the fiste
And agayne all reason
Committed open treason
And against his lord souerain
Wherfore he suffred pain
Was heded drawen & quartered
And dyed shrinkingly martered
Lode yet for all that
He ware a cardinals hat
In him was small fayth
Is mine auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Such a casuelty should be seene
Or suche chaunce should fal
Unto oure Cardinal.
Almightye God I trust
Hathe for him discuste
That of force he muste

Be faythful true and iuste
To oure moste royal kynge
Thee frote of his makyng
yet it is a wilye mouse
That cã bylde his dwellig house
Wythin the cattes eare
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nice tetoning
To put al the gouernyng
Al the rule of this land
Into one mans hand
One wise mans head
May stand sounwhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyse
Much better can deuise
By their circumspection
And their sad direction
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale
Chryst kepe king Henry the eight
From trechery and disceight
And graunt him grace to know
The faucon from the Crow

The

The wolfe from the Lambe
From whens that maistife came
Let him neuer confounde
The gentyl greyhound
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound
And sone may be perceyued
How the world is conueyed

¶ But harke my frēd one word
In earnest or in borde
Tel me now in this stede
Is maister Mewtas dead
The kinges french secretary
And his vntrue aduersary
For he sent in writing
To fraunces the french kinge
of our masters coūsel ī eueri thig
That was a perillous rekening

¶ Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in ẏ head
that he shal neuer eat more bred

Now he is gone to a nother stede
Wyth a Bul vnder lead
By way of commission
To a straunge iurisdiction
Called Diminges Dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hathe his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauro matas
To the deuyl syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellyal
The deuyls vicare general
And to his colledge conuentuall
As wel calodemonial
As to cacademonyal
To puruey for our Cardinal
A palace pontifical
To kepe his court prouincial
Upon articles iudiciall
To contend and to striue
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons peremtorye
Before some prothonotory

Impe-

Imperial or papal
Upon this matter mistical
I haue told you part, but not all
Here after perchaunce I shal
Make a larger memoryal
And a further reherſall
And more paper I thinke to blot
To the court why I came not
Deſiring you aboue al thing
To kepe you from laughyng
When ye fall to reding
Of this wanton ſcrowle
And pray for Mewtas ſoule
For he is wel paſt and gone
That wold god euery chone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as wel as he
Amen, amen, ſay ye
Of your inward charitie.
Amen.

¶ Of your inward charitie.

IT were greate ruthe
For writinge of truthe

Any

Anye manne ſhoulde be
In perplexitie
Of diſpleaſure
For I make you ſure
Where trouth is abhord
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whoſe place
Do the occupye
Ful vngraciouſly
Fals flattery
Fals trechery
Fals vyvery
Subtyle Sym Sly
Wyth mad folye
For who can beſt lye
he is beſt ſet by
Than farewell to thee
Welthfull felicitee
For proſperitie
Awaye than wyll flee
Than muſte we agree
With poueretye

For

For myſery
With penurye
Myſerably
And wretchedly
Hathe made Aſkry
And oute crye
Folowynge the chaſe
To dryue away grace
yet ſayeſt thou percaſe
We can lacke no grace
For my Lordes grace
And my Ladyes grace
With treydeule aſe
And aſe in the face
Some haute and ſome bace
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one caſe
Marke me that chaſe
In the Tennis play
For ſinke quater trey
Is a tal man
he rod, but we ran
hay the gye and the gan

The graye goose is no swan
The waters waxe wan
And beggers they ban
And they curſed dat an
De tribu dan
That thys woꝛke began
Balam, et clam
With Balak and Balam

¶ The golden ram
Of flemmyng dam
Sem, Japheth, oꝛ cam:
But how come to pas
Your cupboꝛde that was
Is turned to glaſſe
From ſiluer to bꝛaſſe
From golde to pewter
Oꝛ els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To leade, oꝛ Alcumin
A goldſmyth your Mayꝛe
But the cheſe of your kayꝛe
Might ſtand now by potters

And

And suche as sel trotters
Pytchars, potshordes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for Lordes
My lord now and sir knyghte
Good euen and good nyghte
For nowe sir Tristram
Ye muste weare buckram
Or Canuas of Cane
For sylkes are wane
Our royals that shone
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons
And spanyardes Onyons
And the Flanderkyns
Gyl sweates and Cats spinnes
They are happy that wynnes
But Englande maye well say
Fye on this winnyng alway
Now nothing, but paypay
With laughe and lay downe
Borough, Citie and towne
Good Syrynge of Lanam
Must

Muſt counte what he came
Of hys clothe making
He is at ſuch taking
Though his purſe war dul
He muſt tax for hys wul
By nature of a new wryt
My Lordes grace nameth it
A quia non ſatisfacit
In the ſpight of his teeth
he muſt pay agayne
A thouſand or twayn
Of his gold in ſtore
And yet he payde before
An hunderd pound and more
Which pincheth hym ſore
My Lordes grace wil bryng
Downe thys hye ſpryngе
And bryngе it ſo lowe
It ſhal not euer flow.

¶ Such a prelate I trow
Were worthy to row
Thorowe the ſtreytes Marocke

To

To the gybbet of Baldock
He wold dry vp the streames
Of .ix. kinges realmes
Al riuers and wels
Al waters that swels
For with vs he so mels
That within England dwels
I wold he were somwhere els
For els by and by
He wyl drynke vs so dry
And sucke vs so nye
That men shal scantly
Haue penny or halpenny
God saue hys noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwel
With the deuil of hel
For and he were there
We need neuer feare
Of the feendes blake
For I vnder take
He wold so brag and crake
That he wold than make

The

The deuyls to quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fiery drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And binde them to a stake
And set hel on fyre
At his owne desire
He is such a grym syre
And such a potestolate
And such a potestate
That he wold breke the brayns
Of Lucifer in his chains
And rule them eche one
In Lucifers trone
I would he were gone
For amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
With oute all good reason
And all outs of season
For Folam Reason
With him be not geson
They grow very ranke

Upon

Upon euery banke
Of his herbers greene
With my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not al cleen
And it be as I weene

¶ But as touching distrection
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guide
But all must be tryde
And abide the correction
Of him wil ful affection
For as for wytte
The deuil speed whitte
But brainsicke and brayneless
Wytles and reachelesse
Careles and shameleſſe
Thriftles and graceleſſe
Together are bended
And so condiscended

that

That the commune welth
Shal neuer haue good helth
But tattred and tugged
Ragged, and drugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare worne
Such gredines
Such nedines
Miserablenes
With wretchednes
Hath brought in distres
And much heauines
And great dolour
England the flour
Of relucent honour
In old commemoracion
Most royal English nacion
Now all is out of facion
Almoste in desolation
I speake by protestacion
God of his miseracion
Send better reformacion
Lo, for to do thankfully

He iudgeth it no folye
But to wyte of his shame
He sayth we are to blame
What a frensi is this
No shame to do amys
And yet he is ashamed
To be shamefully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclamed
His madnes by writing
His simplenes relating
Remoryding and biting
With chiding and with kiting
Shewyng him goddes lawes
He calleth the preachers dawes.

And of holy scriptures sawes
He counteth them for gigawes
And putteth them to silence
And with wordes of violence
Like Pharao, void of grace
Did Moyses sore manase
And Iron sore he threat

The word of God to let
This maumet in likewise
Agaynst the church doth rise
The preachoure he dothe dispise
With craking in such wise
So bragging all with bost
That no preachour almost
Dare speake for hys life
Of mi lordes grace, nor his wife
For he hath such a bul
He may take whome he wul
And as many as him likes
Maieat pigges in lent for pikes
After the sectes of heretikes
For in lent he wyl eate
Al maner of fleshe meate
That he can any where geat
With other abusions great
Wherof to trete
It wold make the deuil to swete
For all priuileged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of religion

He

He hath them in derision
And maketh such prouisyon
To driue them at diuisyon
And finally inconclusyon
To bring them to confusion
Saynt Albons to recorde
Whereof thys vngracious Lord
Hathe made him self abbot
Against their willes god wot
Al this he dothe deale
Under strength of the great seal
And by his legacy
Which madly he doth applye
Unto an extrauagancye
Pyked out of all good law
With reasons that ben raw
yet whan he toke first his hat
he sayd he knew what was what
Al iustice he pretended
Al thinges should be amended
Al wronges he wold redresse
Al iniuries he wold repres
Al periuries he wold oppresse.

And yet this graceles elfe
He is periured him selfe
As playnlye it dothe appere
Who list to enquere
In the regestry
Of my Lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was professed
In thre pointes expressed
The first to do him reuerence
The secōd to owe him obedience
The third with whole affection
To be vnder his subiection
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great seale
That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
whether god be pleased or wroth
He maketh so proud pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equiualent
With God omnipotent
But yet beware the rod

And

To sit in causa sanguinis
Now god [illegible] that is [illegible]
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the wh[illegible] king [illegible]
The flayle the frourge
Of almighty God
This Nemon [illegible]
So fel and sorrowes
So ful of melancoly
With a flap before his eye
Men wen that he is pecky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is manus domini
And yet this proud Antiochus
He is so ambicious
So elate and so bicious
And so cruel [illegible]
that he wyl not be conuerted
For he sayeth God a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so [illegible] with [illegible]

that

That al hys trust hanges
In Balthasor which healed
domigos nose that was wheled
That Lumberdes nose mean I
That standeth yet a wry
It was not healed alderbest
It stādeth somwhat on the west
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wonte to win
Muche mony of the king
At the cardes and haferding
balthasor ẏ healed domigos nose
From the puskilde pocky nose
now with his gummes of araby
hath ꝓmised to hele our cardnals
yet sō surgiōs put a dout (eie
Lest he wil put it clean out
& make hi lame of his neder lims
god sēd hym sorow for his sines
Sum mē might aske a question
By whose suggestion
I toke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to barke

And

And men liste to harke
And my wordes marke
I wyl answere like a clerke
For truly and vnfayned
I am forcebly constrained
At Iuuinals request
To wryght of this gloryous gest
Of this vaine gloryous beast
His fame to be encreast
At euery solempne feast
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere?
Now master doctour, how say ye
What so euer your name be
What though ye be namelesse
ye shal not escape blamelesse
Nor yet shal scape shamelesse
Mayster doctor in your degre
your self madly ye ouer see
Blame Iuuinal & blame not me
Maister doctor dicicum
Omne, animi vicium. &c.
As Iuuinall doth record

A small defaute in a great Lord
A lytle cryme in a greate estate
Is muche more inordinate
And more horrible to beholde
Than ani other a thousand fold
ye put to blame ye wot nere whō
ye may weare a cockes coome
your fōd hed in your furred hood
Hold ye your toūge ye cā no good
And at more conuenient time
I may fortune for to rime
Somwhat of your madnesse
For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lacke
And say yll behinde hys backe
And my wordes marke trulye
That ye cannot bide thereby
For Smigma nō est sinamomū
But de absentibus nil nisi bonū
Complaine or do what ye will
Of your cōplaint it shal not skil
This is the tenor of my bil
A daucocke ye be, & so shalbe still

Sequitur

¶ Sequitur epitoma
de morbilloso Thoma
Nec non obsceno
de poliphemo. &c.

Porro perbelle dissimulatum
Illũ pãdulohũ tatum legatũ
Tam formidatũ nuper prelatum
Seu. Namã sirũ nunc elongatũ
Insolitudine iam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatum
Malaginate, cataplasmati statũ
Pharma copoli ferro foratum
Nihilo magis alleuiatum
Nihilo melius aut medicatum
Relictis famulis ad famulatum
Quo tollatur infamia
Sed maior patet insania
A modo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cretecus
Aptius Dictus. Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus

Graphi=

Graphicus sicut Metricus
Autumat.

HOc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In cētilo quio nec cētimetro
Honorati
Grammatici
Mauri.
Decasticon virulentum in ga
leratum, Licaonta matinum. &c
Progh dolor, ecce maris lupus
et nequissimus, vrsus
Carnificis vitulus Britonūque
dubulcus iniqus
Conflatus, vitulus, vel Oreb
vel Salmana, vel zeb.
Garduus, et crudelis Asaph
que Datan reprobatus
Blandus et Acchitiphel, regis
scelus omne Britānum
Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
confundit vbique
Non sacer iste, Thomas

sed

sed duro corde, Goleas
Quem gestat Mulus
sathane caret (obsecro) culus
Fundens Aspaltum (precor)
hunc versum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est miseto
Quum surget in altum.

¶ Apostropha an londini ciues (citãto mulum asino aureo galerato) in occursum aguile. &c.

Exitat eu asinus multum
(mirabile, visu
Calcibus O vestro ciues
occurite Asello
Qui regnum regemque regit
qui vestra gubernat
Predia diuitias, nummos
gasas spoliando.

¶ Dixit alludens, immo illudẽs
podo xã de asino aureo galerato.

xxxiiii.

Hec vatis ille, de quo loquuntur
mille. Finis.

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